(Don't Become Some) Background Noise by bbggoodd

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)
Genre: F/M, small moment
Language: English
Relationships: Eleven/Mike Wheeler
Status: Completed
Published: 2017-11-21
Updated: 2017-11-21
Packaged: 2022-04-03 04:55:15
Rating: Not Rated
Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply
Chapters: 1
Words: 765
Publisher: archiveofourown.org
Summary:

The first time Eleven hears someone call her by her birth name, she is thirteen years old and wearing a dress Joyce Byers once owned. Mike is besides her and his fingers keep bumping against hers, and for some reason she can’t quite discern, he has a permanent blush on his cheeks.

(Don't Become Some) Background Noise

Author's Note:

- Translation into Русский available: (Не становись) Фоновым шумом // (Don't Become Some) Background Noise by Flight_of_fancy

Title from "Radio Gaga" by Queen

November

1984

The Snowball

The first time Eleven hears someone call her by her birth name, she is thirteen years old and wearing a dress Joyce Byers once owned. Mike is besides her and his fingers keep bumping against hers, and for some reason she can't quite discern, he has a permanent blush on his cheeks.

"Jane, is it?" It's Mr. Clarke, and he looks puzzled.

Eleven vaguely remembers him - remembers a time when her hair was long, fake, and blonde - and her eyes go wide. Mike freezes next to her and then explodes. "Oh, hey Mr. Clarke. Didn't see you there? Are you here with your girlfriend? How is that going? I hope it going great. You two should get photographed by Jonathan. Actually, so should we. Should we go now, El?" Mike says all at once.

Eleven frowns at him, reaching out to lace her fingers with his in attempt to slow him down. He blinks and stops talking, but still looks overly concerned.

“Yes.” Eleven says, turning back to Mr. Clarke who now looks suspicious but not unkindly so. “I am Jane.”

The word — her name — seems unfamiliar and confusing when she repeats it, and it makes her think of harder words like responsibility and consequences and compromise. “Well.” Mr. Clarke says, bowing very slightly. “Nice to meet you, Jane.”

Eleven smiles, and even though she knows (and more than likely, he also knows) that they have met before, she nods and says, “You, too.”

Mike pulls her away then, still gesturing towards Jonathan and mumbling a hasty goodbye. Mr. Clarke merely grins at him, and Eleven thinks the teacher somehow looks both tired and curious. “Bye.” she whispers, waving slightly with the hand that isn’t in Mike’s.

Squeezing past dancing preteen bodies, Mike leads Eleven over to the photo station but stops just short of it. He’s biting his lip when he turns to her. “Do you think he recognized you?” He asks and he sounds scared.

He sounds like Hopper.

“No.” Eleven says a little forcibly. Mike takes it as an answer instead of an order, and he sighs in relief.

“You’re right.” He concedes and smiles tentatively at her. “I don’t you to be in any danger.” Mike admits like it’s a secret.

Eleven melts a little, but still, shakes her head. “I’m not. Don’t worry.” She answers pointedly, eyebrows raised and Mike takes the hint.

“Yeah, you’re right. Again.” He adds, bumping her shoulder with his although he has to bend a little to do so. “Come on. Let’s get a picture.”

Eleven smiles widely and squeezes his hand, and once again, his face turns a rosy color. Interesting, she thinks to herself. The couple walk to the photo station slowly, letting Deniece Williams serenade their steps, until finally they arrive. Jonathan looks pleasantly surprised to see them, as if he had forgotten they were even there. “Oh, hey, guys. How’s it going?”

Mike shrugs, and Eleven can feel his awkwardness. She knows Mike always feels a little weird with her sister’s boyfriends, and he’s not particularly good at hiding it. “Hello.” she says politely. “Picture?”

Jonathan nods, immediately raising his camera and aiming it at them. Eleven looks at Mike, but he’s staring at the camera with a sour look on his face. She frowns and squeezes his hand, and he snaps out

of it, looking at her with wide eyes. Maybe she looks hurt — she certainly feels hurt — because he starts apologizing immediately. “I’m sorry. I hate pictures. I don’t know why I suggested it.”

Jonathan lowers his camera slowly. “…Um?” he questions, but the two teenagers ignore him.

“Why?”

Mike shrugs. “I don’t know. I just do.”

Eleven nods. “Okay. If you don’t want to, we don’t have to.” She tells him, and he grins widely at the full sentence. “But…” she points at Joyce’s old dress and his blazer. “We are pretty. Commemorate that.”

Mike blinks at her before laughing. “Okay, let’s commemorate.” He agrees turning to Jonathan who looks amused. “Shut up.” He says to the older teen a little childishly, and Jonathan rolls his eyes.

“Smile for the camera, Wheeler.” He orders, raising the camera, and although Eleven can tell Mike is clearly uncomfortable, he still grins widely — but only after he puts his arm around Eleven’s shoulders. At the touch, Eleven turns to Mike, a little puzzled by the movement but mostly just happy at his closeness. She cannot help the grin that goes on her face.

Jonathan cannot help but take the picture then, shaking his head as he does.

Author's Note:

I have other little moments that keep coming to me. Might make this a series if anyone's interested.

Thanks for reading!